

**Master Negative
Storage Number**

OCI00037.24

**He comes from the
wars**

Glasgow

[182-?]

Reel: 37 Title: 24

**BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD TARGET
PRESERVATION OFFICE
CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
MICROFILMING PROJECT, PHASE IV
JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION
Master Negative Storage Number: OC100037.24**

Control Number: ADD-9852

OCLC Number : 5050417

Call Number : PN970.E5 HECOx

**Title : He comes from the wars. Love's young dream. A soldier's
gratitude. Father Paul. My fond shepherds. King David was a
soldier.**

Imprint : Glasgow : Printed for the booksellers, [182-?]

Format : 8 p. ; 16 cm.

Note : Without music.

Note : Cover title.

Note : Title vignette.

Subject : Songs, Scots. Subject : Chapbooks, Scottish.

**MICROFILMED BY
PRESERVATION RESOURCES (BETHLEHEM, PA)**

**On behalf of the
Preservation Office, Cleveland Public Library
Cleveland, Ohio, USA**

Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/10/89

Camera Operator: AL

He comes from the Wars.
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM,
A Soldiers Gratitude.
FATHER PAUL.
My Fond Shepherds.
King David was a Soldier.



Glasgow—Printed for the Booksellers

Wm. G. & Co.



HE COMES FROM THE WARS

He comes from the wars, from the red field
of fight,
He comes thro' the storm and the darkness
of night,
For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
The warrior bends low at the cottager's door.
Pale, pale, pale is his cheek ; there's a gash
on his brow ;
His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow
And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from
his eye,
Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to
die.

Rest Warrior, rest,—Rest Warrior, rest.

Sunk in silence and sleep on the Cottager's
bed,

Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head ;

Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall
tell

Of his lady love's bower, and her latest fare-
well.

WHITE
PN
970
ES
HECOX

3

Illusion and love chase the battle's alarms,
He shall dream that his Mistress lies lock'd
in his arms ;
He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of
her kiss :
Ah ! Warrior, wake not, such slumber is
bliss.
Rest, Warrior, rest—Rest, Warrior, rest

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh ! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life from morn 'till night,
Was love, still love !
New hope may bloom
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream !
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream !
Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past ;
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last ;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,

As when first he sung to woman's ear,
 His soul-felt flame,
 And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
 The one lov'd name !

Oh ! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,
 Which first love traced ;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste !
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed ;
 'Twas morning's winged dream ;
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again,
 On life's dull stream !
 Oh, 'twas a light, that ne'er can shine again,
 On life's dull stream !

A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

Whate'er my fate where'er I roam,
 By sorrow still oppress'd,
 I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home,
 That gave a wanderer rest.
 Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
 By sweetest flow'rets strew'd,
 Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,
 A soldier's gratitude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,
 That meek ey'd pity gave,

My last expiring hour shall cheer,
 And bless the wanderer's grave.
 Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
 By sweetest flow'rets strew'd
 Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,
 A soldier's gratitude.

FATHER PAUL.

While grave divines preach up dull rules,
 And moral wits refine,
 The precepts taught in human schools,
 The precepts taught in human schools,
 We Friars hold divine,
 We Friars hold divine,
 Here's a health to Father Paul,
 A health to Father Paul;
 For flowing bowls inspire the souls
 Of jolly Friars all.

When in the convent we are met,
 We laugh, we joke, we sing,
 Affairs divine, we soon forget,
 Affairs divine, we soon forget,
 Since Father Paul's our King,
 Since Father Paul's our King,
 Here's a health, &c.

Our beads and cross we hold divine
 We pray with fervent zeal,

To rosy bacchus god of wine,
 To rosy bacchus god of wine,
 Who does each joy reveal,
 Who dose each joy reveal,
 Here's a health, &c.

Here's absolution you'll receive,
 You blue eye'd nuns so fair,
 And benediction we will give,
 And benediction we will give,
 So banish all your cares,
 Here's a health, &c.

So fill your bumpers sons of mirth,
 Let Friars be the toast;
 Long may they all exist to earth,
 Long may they all exist on earth,
 And nuns their order boast,
 And nuns their order boast,
 Here's a health, &c.

MY FOND SHEPHERDS.

My fond shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
 That each night they went safely to rest,
 And they merrily sung thro' the day.
 But ah, what a scene must appear,
 Must the sweet rural pastime be o'er,
 Shall the tabor, the tabor no more strike the
 ear,
 Shall the dance on the green be no more.

Will the flocks from their pastures be led,
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad,
 Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road,
 Must the arts be all scatter'd around.
 And shall commerce grow sick of its tide
 Must religion expire on the ground,
 And shall virtue sink down by her side.

KING DAVID WAS A SOLDIER.

A soldier and a bonnie lass
 Went out together one day,
 With kisses and kind compliments,
 He unto her did say;
 Love, dare I kiss thy ruby lips,
 'Tould make me something bolder,
 Oh no, Oh no, my minnie says,
 I may na kiss wi' a soldier.
 The solder being a proper youth,
 He took her by the hand,
 Say he, my dear the soldier lad
 Has the world at his command:
 Besides he is a pillar strong,
 And he's the land's upholder,
 And he's a rogue, and she's a fool,
 That speaks against a soldier.
 King David once he dream'd a dream
 As he lay on the ground;

He dream'd that he a king would be,
 And wear a golden crown.
 Then he laid off his shepherd's crook,
 Which he wore o're his shoulder,
 He took a sword that by him lay
 And so became a soldier.

He kill'd Goliah at one sad stroke,
 Which proved his overthrow,
 His head he sent to Jerusalem,
 In spite of all his foes.
 Oh, there he was proclaimed king,
 And he was the land's upholder,
 And he's a rogue, and she's a fool,
 That speaks against a soldier.

FINIS.